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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

BRING SMILES TO REPLACE TEARS.

Last year THE EVENING WORLD Christmas Trees held gifts for five thousand more children than the trees of 1890. This year it is hoped to surpass even the good work of 1890.

The little ones who benefit by the enterprise have a peculiarly strong claim to the sympathy and help of those able to give them a taste of holiday pleasures. They know after a fashion full of pathetic suggestion how true it is that Christmas comes but once a year. To them its annual recurrence is far more of a red-letter occasion than to the children who, since they were old enough to have understandings and associations of their own, have understood that Christmas was to be associated with feasting and with gifts.

Rally to the cause of these little ones! It is a cause of humanity. It is a cause of fraternity. It is a cause, as truly as such ever existed, for the exercise of a form of philanthropy belonging to what somebody has happily styled "applied religion."

For every tear of suffering or sorrow that some child of the very poor has shed in the year drawing to a close help to bring a smile of joy over a precious Christmas remembrance.

THE LADIES AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The Ladies' Health Protective Association has just reviewed the work of what seems to have been a very busy year with the organization. One committee reports that a thousand small stables which were nuisances in their respective neighborhoods have been removed. Another reported that several small slaughter-houses were to be gotten rid of by combining them into one large establishment, suitably located.

The ladies have been keeping an eye on Street-Cleaning Commissioner BRENNAN, too, and find much to commend on his work. They do intimate that, while downtown streets are far cleaner, some uptown thoroughfares are correspondingly neglected, which intimation conveys news to the general public and a hint to the Commissioner.

A protest against the removal of Factory Inspectresses probably founded on Mrs. BARNES' case, was very properly resolved upon at the meeting and a committee appointed to investigate the matter. The ladies of the Association are possessed of true public spirit. They and their work are a credit to themselves and the city.

TALL HALL, arrested at Memphis, has an undisputed record of having killed at least ninety men. He also burned a town, once on a time, in a fit of disappointment at not finding there the man he was looking for. But now it would appear that there are excellent chances for TALL HALL to arrive at the end of a short hall.

With this bi-chloride of gold remedy for drunkenness, as with any remedy for anything, it is undoubtedly true that a great deal depends on the patient. A sick man who persistently despairs or gets reckless before getting well can beat the best of doctors.

It was right to give gentle old DOM PEDRO a royal burial. To the last he maintained a royal affection for the land from which he was exiled. He was not false. It was only that he represented a false system of government.

The New York firm which has just subscribed \$10,000 for the World's Fair has set a worthy example. Real interest in the success of the Fair is confined to no city. It is National.

If the experiment of carrying live American lobsters to Europe succeeds, the Old World will have fresh cause for gratitude that the New World was discovered.

The first bill before the New State Legislature will be one to remove the press-gag clause from the Electrotonic Act. It should be railroaded.

Mr. MILLS should come out of his sulks. The role of a bad boy from Texas is not becoming. There is work for him in the House.

The new actor has been christened WILLIAM and not JOHN JACOB. But there are millions in it for him. Just the same.

JERRY SIMPSON has acquired a new distinction. He listened to every word of the President's message.

But We Haven't.
 (From the Times-Star.)
 If you have a half dollar of \$38 with an "O" above the date you can get \$12 for it.

Their Power of Exaggeration Colossal.
 (From the Rochester Post-Express.)
 Everything in Japan is of miniature pattern but the earthquakes. Those are built on an entirely different plan.



Duty Called Him.

He was an old, gray-haired man, and therefore felt himself privileged to remark to the woman who sat next to him in a bridge car the other morning.
 "Very sharp sort of weather this?"
 "Yes," she replied.
 "Must have friz up the ponds last night?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "You feelin' warm 'nuff?"
 "Oh, yes."

"I'm glad of it, for women folks nowadays don't half know how to take keer of themselves. I'll tell you one thing you never order do in the winter, and that is to get out of bed in the morning and stand around on a piece of oilcloth. I believe that very thing has carried more Brooklyn women to their graves than you kin shake a stick at. You see—"

She crossed the car and took another seat, and after he had somewhat recovered from his surprise the old man said to himself:
 "Can't help it if they do git mad about it. That's what killed my wife, and it's my duty to warn 'em about it every chance I git."

M. QUAD.

THE CLEANER.

The uncalculated attack on the Fellowship Club by ex-senator Caldwell has created much surprise, as he had hitherto been looked upon as a friend to journalists. It was laughed at at the meeting of the club's governors last night, when the Treasurer's report was read, showing how round the club's financial standing was. I doubt if there is a club of the same size as the Fellowship in this city which is run better within its income. The report made plain that the club's assets were several thousand dollars ahead of its liabilities. The next monthly dinner will take place on Jan. 7, and there will be the usual feast of viands and reason.

The exhibition of paintings to be held this afternoon at the Union League Club will, I hear, surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted by that club. I am told that a number of new paintings of rare merit have been hung in the galleries this year, and that fact alone should make the exhibition more than ordinarily successful. I also hear that the pictures which are to be shown are a number of invitations to artists now in town.

Among laymen the visitor from Boston is doubtless the most interested of those who visit the exhibition of paintings by Childre House. The pictures are in oil, water, and pastel. The pastels were for the most part made in Lexington, Mass., during the past summer and autumn. Altogether the exhibition contains forty-five works. The pictures are hung in the Blakeslee Galleries, corner Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

Mr. James Creelman, the well-known correspondent had, it seems, an object of unusual interest in making his brief journey from England to this country. A day or two since, I notice, he was married to Miss Alice Buell, the charming daughter of Edward Wythe Buell, of Marietta, O. For a number of years Mr. Creelman was a member of the World's staff, and is now the London correspondent of the Herald.

It is gratifying to see Ollie Teal in the roll of a philanthropist. He has gotten up a philanthropic company, something on the style of the Westminster Land Company, and is president of both.

"Who is she?" is a common question. I have heard it applied very frequently of late to a tall brunette of singularly beautiful face, who makes a snail-pace in "Miss Hoyet" stand out very prominently. For the benefit of the curious ones the cleaner question is: That the young actress in question is Adelaide Emerson. Her history is an interesting one. She was born in a Nevada mining town, and reared in San Francisco, a city famous for its beautiful women. Her father, J. M. Walker, was partner of Mackay, Flood and O'Brien in the Bonanza days. Her uncle, the late Albert Walker, was the most personally popular governor Virginia ever had. Miss Emerson is a witty and cultivated woman, a fine pianist, the composer of some popular songs, and has painted some admirable pictures. Her picture, to say the least, is a masterpiece of art, and is being displayed on the side by the London shop windows, were often confounded.

Truism from Ohio.
 (From the Cleveland Press.)
 The carelessness of one age is the curse of the next. Would that city councils might always appreciate this truism.

And Bad Poetry at That.
 (From the Times-Star.)
 "I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editor's wastebasket.

An Alry Trifle from the Hub.
 (From the Boston Herald.)
 Success would be "in the air" for the Democracy with Russell as its candidate for President.

Where the It Comes in Again.
 (From the Detroit Sun.)
 Senator Palmer thinks the Republican candidate will be Harrison. Yes, if he gets a stomach ache and J. G. B. is within Mr. Palmer.

Food, Not Dislike, Wanted Most.
 (From the New York Journal.)
 One New York paper is raising money to give the crumb New York set of plates and other set of things. This is all very well, but a little "donum dum" would go further toward thing Jack Tar's compartments.

And Vice Versa.
 (From the New York Journal.)
 An expert look-poker says that the secret lies concealed in an ordinary watch. Jewelers can now speed their lecture time by studying the secrets of their own mechanism.

One Way to "Air the House."
 (From the Evening World.)
 The first thing a seafarer does in the morning is to take down the entire front of his building, leaving the whole of the interior open to view.

Like a Thief.

Druggists steal upon the almost unaware and the first slightest movement of the unsuspecting is hurriedly seized, and the victim suffers fearful distress after eating, heartburn, nausea, flatulence or other "distressing" ailments. By the stomach-acting, liver-regulating and blood-purifying qualities.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is an unequalled remedy for Druggists. Try it.

THEY LOOK TO YOU.

Poor Children Want Your Help to Spend a Merry Christmas.

Give a Trifle to the Fund and Make Them Happy.

Neil Nelson Tells of a Poor Crippled Boy's Patient Waiting.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. Y. World, Pulitzer Building.
 All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.
 The American United States, National and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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CHRISTMAS LONGINGS.

A Story of a Crippled Boy, a Calendar and Yule Tide.

"To-morrow we will cross off another day, won't we, mamma?"
 "Yes, dear."
 "But if I'm not awake you'll wait, won't you?"
 "Yes, Willie, I'll wait until you are wide awake and have had your breakfast. You shall have the chalk and do the crossing yourself. Now, get up, and go to sleep."

You will understand this conversation when I tell you that it is all about a little crippled boy, a calendar and Christmas. Very little is known regarding the child and his young mother, excepting the unhappy facts that he has no father, no brothers or sisters, no little playmates, no vitality to speak of and nothing to live for just now but Christmas.

More than a year ago the lonely woman with her afflicted little son moved into a furnished room in West Nineteenth street, where she keeps house, supports herself by her needle and stamping machine, and devotes all her spare time and the greater part of her earnings to the care of the helpless child.

No one ever goes to see her. The good natured letter-carrier never has a message or a postal card for her, although scarcely a day passes that he is not at the basement door with his shrill whistle, impatient to be relieved of some mysterious communication.

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The length and number of these hasty errands can be recounted by almost every lodger occupying a front room, because of the peculiar route she always takes. Instead of the usual way, she crosses the street on the opposite side of the street, where she can see a child-like form in a third-story window and return back for kisses that a small white hand throws to her. It doesn't make a bit of difference how much of a hurry she is in, or what the weather is—the little face is always looking out of the window.

All the time she is away the child remains at the window waiting and watching. Sometimes the waxen fingers play a tattoo on the glass and sometimes a pale cheek is pressed against the pane.

Many of the neighbors feel kindly disposed toward the woman, and would gladly make friendly advances, but she offers them no encouragement and shows in every way that she prefers to live her own life in her own way. Even the simple offerings that are taken to her room for the boy's acceptance are declined with politeness and a sense of unmitigated injury.

No many rebuffs have been met with that the tenants refer to the occupants of the third-story front room as "the strange woman and her sick boy."

What her history may be is only a matter of conjecture. She may not be alone in the world; certainly she is alone in New York, every one of kindred and friendship being severed. Where or where the child's father is, how he came by his distressing deformity and how they manage to live and be so much to each other can only be imagined by the people who have lived and suffered.

The woman has seen very very much better days. In manner, dress, voice, pride and refinement she proves the refinement of birth and education.

But there is no isolation like that of a great city, and it is evident that aside from her struggle with poverty and the anguish of her child's misfortune she is starving for want of human sympathy and lack of human help. Every one knows that when help is most needed and when the burden is crushing in weight that it must be borne alone; that no helpful hand can lighten the load or comfort the disconsolate.

This woman is heroically wearing her crown of sorrow, for a word of complaint or a murmur against fate is at once stifled by other set of things. This is all very well, but a little "donum dum" would go further toward thing Jack Tar's compartments.

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the daytime free of charge, direct and nurse her boy.

The poor fellow may be about twelve years of age, although he is so slight in form as a child less than half his age. He is so painfully deformed that he cannot change his position unaided. He has an unnatural brightness and a gleam of sadness in his eyes at times that is not a pretence and most pathetic. There is not a particle of color in his flesh, and his delicate skin has something of the transparent, ethereal beauty death gives to infancy.

His home is a roomy, airy, but not without cheer. The little lamp over which the nursing mother extracts are prepared, and the cup of tea is brewed, would go in a man's vest pocket. A cradle-bed holds the cooking utensils and does double duty as a book rest.

The carpet is the odorous, the chairs are few and fragile, but as a whole there is a remnant of former luxury—a silver-bound toilet set, a gold table, a silver-plated lap robe and an artist's proof etching.

In the window is a minute fernery growing in a paper box and against the entire wall surface is covered with picture-cards of a character that would appeal to a boy's fancy—heroes in chromo array, tars and ruddies ready for land adventures or ship passages, ingeniously constructed dial plates with movable hands setting forth the merits of a new brand of tobacco or soap, all within easy reach of a delicate hand, and calendars tacked on the doors, window-sashes and everywhere.

At the foot of the bed hangs the gem of the calendar, a calendar issued by an insurance company, with the dates in red block letters an inch long.

Every page has been torn away but the one for December, and each number up to the present day is crossed off with blue crayon.

This system of the king-off the days before Christmas has been the daily task, the first duty of the child ever since last October.

Almost as soon as the bright eyes open Willie calls for the blue chalk. The calendar is taken down from the wall, laid before him in bed and "another day crossed off."

Before he can be induced to eat his breakfast the remaining days are counted and a little sum worked out on the reverse side of the page, showing the number of hours that must elapse before the Lord's birthday.

The mental struggle is a hard one for both mother and child—she dreads the dawn of Christmas Day, he chafes at its delay, knowing nothing of the bitter uncertainty of life.

Heaven only knows what the mother is thinking about or how she is going to provide the joys her child craves.

The name of the little invalid has been written on the Christmas Children's List in red ink. The volume of adventures on the high seas alone cost \$3, and the games and the chess board and the other toys less than \$5. It is not likely that the poor fellow will live to cross off another calendar, and that is why the entry was made in red and why THE EVENING WORLD wants to gratify his wishes, even at so large an expense.

Willie's mother laughed derisively when the suggestion was made that he come to the Christmas party, but there were tears in her eyes a moment later when he protested that he could go.

If any rich child or man of means wants to do a beautiful act that will be sweeter and light in his own soul he has only to send \$10 to the fund for Willie.

The proud woman would scorn to accept the money, but it can be used to buy the coveted book, the game of parlor billiards, the music box that plays

Come well, come well,
 Well, well, well,
 And I'll be with you here!
 And several other little surprises, to be delivered into the tiny, claw-like hands Christmas morning by a trusty "know nothing," from no place, who will get his receipt for nobody and disappear as suddenly as he came, leaving the boy in the joyful dream of a lifetime.

Every little thing, if he can't afford to round out a duty-debt of pleasure this side, contribute what you can and show that you are not insensible to the short and simple annuals of the poor.

Please bear in mind that Christmas is very near and that nothing but good deeds to do to make the children happy must be done at once.

Only a few more days remain on the calendar for the crippled boy to cross off with the pencil of childhood hope.



On account of the late arrivals of steamers

"AFGHAN" and "LOODIANA" from Japan. We are compelled to reduce the prices in our JAPANESE DEPARTMENT, and have marked them to

HALF THEIR VALUE.

Every article marked to prices that must make them sell quickly. SATSUMA and TORZAN VASES, KOROS and JARS, at

\$1.50, \$2.95, \$4.95.
 Reduced from \$3.00, \$6.00 and \$10.50.

This is a rare opportunity to obtain choice Japanese Goods for

Holiday Gifts

at very LOW PRICES.

EHRICH BROS.

Sixth Ave. and 23d St.

463 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK.

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 463 SIXTH AVE. N.Y.

ASK FOR "DUOX."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

For pretty, inexpensive evening gowns nothing surpasses the striped sarahs or the dainty silk skirts. They do duty twice as well as most other inexpensive textiles of similar character. The colors are beautiful in the evening dyes, and the quality, considering the price of these silks, is remarkably fine.

Togues or turbans of cloth or velvet trimmed with fur tails of either sable or mink, wired to stand upright in pairs or in fleur-de-lis shape, are particularly fashionable.

For more dressy house gowns are black royale silks with stylish satin stripes of colors—turquoise blue, shrimp pink, robin's egg and pale yellow. Other black silks have floral stripes of green or bright yellow, and some have a wide border of red or blue. Bunches of light weight but effective pearls are in several lovely shades of blue, Thermidor red, bisque, and a new red brown tint that French manufacturers have named Chicago.

Miss Wolsey, Lord Wolsey's daughter, is quite a bibliophile, enjoying not only the contents of a book, but being an ardent collector of rare old bindings, and even of exquisite book plates from English and foreign presses, title pages, advertisements and the like. Miss Wolsey also takes great interest in all that concerns the arts, and, young as she is, she acts as Honorary Secretary for Ireland in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

By a special grant Miss Wolsey, who is an only child, will succeed to the family title.

Brown fur and white lace are popular garnitures and are often seen in combination on cloth, silk or velvet gowns. For instance, a cloth gown of lightest lemon yellow has a white guipure lace plastron and bretelles, with a tiny line of the fur bounding the edge of the lace.

Silk braids, matching the dress in color, tufted with chenille or dotted with fine jet cabochons are inexpensive yet effective trimmings. A rough braid tufted with astrakhan from one to three inches in width is much used on the new rough-surfaced suitings.

Plain wool braids in basket designs, often mixed with gold or bronze threads, are used by dressmakers to decorate simple Winter costumes. These braids are crossed in checker-board effects along the edge of the wool gown, or they are set on in rows of wavy points, or the fur bands at the corners only. Several plain rows often show at the top varied by a trollei or quartered set along the edge at even distances, the design being repeated on the bodice front and sleeves.

Jewel boxes of embossed plush and tinted in imitation of ancient bronze are among the very latest novelties. One of the prettiest shows a Southern scene in which an old-time Virginia belle is pictured in ancient colonial dress, and looking the countess of her lover. This is the cover. As the lid opens another phase of the courtship appears to the gaze; here the lovers are seated on a rustic bench, happily engaged in weaving Cupid's nets about themselves. The whole conceit is a gem of art.

A pretty theatre waist is made of black lace, with a Swiss belt of lavender satin ribbon. Outlining the bust is a band of lavender ribbon, over which falls a ruffle of lace, and just above the point of the Swiss belt another band of the same ribbon runs through a tuck of the lace. On the inside of the sleeves, from the shoulders to the elbow, is also a band of ribbon. It is made so as to be worn, if desired, as a low-neck waist.

An English writer paints a pathetic picture of Ellen, a poor girl from Philadelphia. He saw some of her photographs there which were selling for eighteen pence apiece. "Un-"

Popularity of the present method of celebrating Christmas.

"What do you think of the present method of celebrating Christmas?"

"I think some people without the presents would be far more satisfactory."

The Last Slaughter of 1891

\$20,000 Worth of the Finest

Overcoats, Uisters and Cape Coats.

750 PAIRS TROUSERS,

worth \$3.50 to \$4.00,

\$1.98

300 Double-Breasted Overcoats,

made from Meltons, Kerseys, Irish Frieze, &c., costing \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00,

\$14.80

THIS OFFER ONLY UNTIL SATURDAY, 7 P. M.

AT BOTH STORES.

EUGENE F. PEYSER

123 FULTON ST., bet. Nassau and William sts., and 383 BROADWAY, Near White st.

TALK OF THE STAGE WORLD.

"Margaret Fleming" Earns Respect and Admiration.

There was a matinee performance at Palmer's Theatre yesterday that threatened to prolong itself into an evening entertainment, for it was dark before the audience was permitted to escape from the woe of an ultra-irreligious heroine. "Margaret Fleming" was the play, and it proved to be one that, even though it will surely be accepted by the multitude, must be referred to respectfully and with some admiration. The author was James Herne, who is very evidently a staunch disciple of Ibsen. Perhaps in "Margaret Fleming" he out-Ibsened Ibsen, for his spades were all downright American spades, and they were hurled relentlessly at his audience.

His story had a moral, and he delivered it amid a volley of somewhat hackneyed truths, ending up with the trite maxim that a husband's virtue is just as necessary as that of a wife. Mr. Herne's grave error was a mass of petty details. At one time his play looked like a treatise on obstetrics, and one act could certainly have been called "Midwifery Made Popular."

The heroine of the play had married Philip, whose wife was very abundant. When Margaret's child was a year old a girl gave birth to a daughter of which Philip was the father. The girl's sister was a servant in the heroine's house, but did not know the name of her sister's brother. Margaret goes to visit her victim, arrives just as she has breathed her last to read the fatal letter that names Philip Fleming as the father. Thereupon, after much agony, she takes the child to her own home—literally. The nurse declares that it is hungry and the curtain falls as she is unbuttoning her dress. This is, to say the least, a trifling starting-point, but it is a situation that can be discussed. After this Margaret becomes blind and the play goes to pieces in a jumble of stupidity, terminology with the reconciliation of the husband and wife, or, rather, leaving that to be inferred.

Margaret Fleming is a very good piece of work, but it has strong literary merit and it is a sincere effort. Mr. Herne should be able to produce better work than this, which is, however, more noteworthy than his "Hearts of Oak" and "Drifting Apart." Its language is good and his pathos irresistible.

Mrs. Herne played the leading role with a delicate touch, and her husband, E. M. Holland, made a capital doctor. Charles L. Barry made an admirable character actor, and so did Mattie Earle. "Margaret Fleming" suggests Ibsen's "Doll's House," but it is not as concise as well directed.

"Ninety Days After Date" a spectacular play by William Gillette that was at one time to have been produced by Charles Frohman. Ninety, is to see the light of day after all. Mr. Frohman will have nothing to do with it. Mr. Gillette is working at it now, and he is, aid by it. A. Roberts, the well-known stage manager, and the equally well-known actor.

"The Idea" is the name of a new farce comedy that Herbert Hall Winslow, writing for Evans and Hoyer. Mr. Winslow is going shortly to New York to get some material for it. The piece will be presented at the Bijou Theatre here next season. Mr. Winslow has just had some trouble with one of his farces, "Birds of a Feather," with which the claimant after "Under Ellen," took to many liberties. The young playwright has written other pieces on the road "A Barrel of Money," and "A Giddy Affair."

Nellie Farren—dear old Nellie, of London's Gaiety—according to report will never again appear in burlesque after "Under Ellen." She wants to play in comedy. Well, this ambition is a laudable one. Nellie is a trifle old for gaiety costumes.